A GARLAND OF NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING.

1 Ewie wi' the crooked horn.
2 Tally I O, the Grinder.
3 Grist the Miller.
4 The Peck o' Maut.

The Ewie wi' the crooked Horn.

O Were I able to rehearſe,
My Ewie's praiſe in proper verſe,
I'd ſound it out as loud and fierce,
As ever piper's horn could blaw,
The Ewie wi' the crooked horn,
What had kent her could ha' ſworn,
Sic a Ewie ne'er was born,
Here about nor far awa'.
Sic a Ewie, &c.

She never needed tar nor keel,
To mark her upon her hip or heel,
Her crooked horn did ay as weel,
To ken her by amo' them a'.
She never threaten'd ſcab nor rot,
But keeped ay her ain jog trot,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never ſweer to lead or ca'
Baith to the fauld, &c.

Cauld nor hunger never dang her,
Wind nor rain could never wrang her,
Anues ſhe lay an oak and langer,
Forth aneath a wreath of ſnaw,

When other Ewies lap the dyke,
And eat the kail for a' the tyke
My Ewie never play'd the like,
But ting'd about the barn awa'
My Ewie never, &c.

A better or a thriftier beaſt,
Nae honeſt man could weel hae wiſt,
For ſilly thing ſhe never miſt,
To had ilka year a lamb or twa,
The firſt ſhe had I gae to Jock
To be him a kind of ſtock,
And now my laddie has a flock
Of mair then thertty head and twa,
And now my laddie, &c.

I look'd ay at even for her,
Leſt miſchanter ſhou'd come o'er her,
Or the fumert might devour her,
If the beaſt had bade awa'.
The Ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Well deſerv'd baith graſs and corn,
Sic a Ewie ne'er was born,
Here about nor far awa'.

Yet laſt owk for a' my keepin,
Wha can ſpeak it without weepin,
A Villain came when I was ſleepin,
And ſtole my Ewie, horn, ana'.

I ſought for her upon the morn,
And down beneath the buſby thorn,
I got my Ewie's crooked horn,
But my Ewie was awa'.
I got, &c.

But gin I had the loon that did it,
I'ha' ſworn as well as ſaid it,
If a' the world had forbid it,
I ſhould gie his craig a thraw.
I never met wi' ſic a turn,
As that, ſince ever I was born,
My Ewie wi' the crooked horn.
Silly Ewie ſtown awa'.
My Ewie, &c.

O had ſhe died of crook or cauld,
As Ewies do when they grow auld,
It wad na been ſae money fauld,
So fair a heart to nane us a'.
For a' the claith that we hae worn,
Frae her and her's ſae often ſhorn,
The loſs of her we could ha' born,
Had fair ſtrae death ta'en her awa',
The laſs of her, &c.

But this poor thing to looſe her life,
Aneath a Villian's greedy knife,
I'm really fear'd that our good wife
Sall ne'er win abount ava',

O all ye bards aneath Kinghorn,
Call your muſes up and mourn,
Our Ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Is ſtown frae us and ſell'd awa',
Our Ewie, &c.

Tally I O, the Grinder.

IF ever I marry a wife,
I'll mary a widow for fun;
I'll ſet a cockade in her hat,
And then ſhe'll follow the drum.
Tally I O, tally I O, the Grinder!
Tally I O, I O, tally I O, never mind her.

I have a ſhip on the ſea,
And I have a pilot to mind her;
I have a wife at home,
And ſhe's a terrible grinder,
Tally I O, &c.

If you want to ſee my wife,
I'll tell you where to find her,
She is at the back of the door,
Playing with Harry the grinder,
Tally I O, &c.

There was a wee bit wife,
And ſhe had a wee bit daughter,
Who had two bonny black eyes,
And ſhe was a terrible ſtarter.
Tally I O, &c.

I left my wife at home,
And there I thought to find her;
But long e'er I came back,
She was off with Harry the Grinder.
Tally I O, &c.

My mother went down to the mill,
My father went down to find her;
He put her in the mill hopper,
And then began to grind her.
Tally I O, &c.

There's never a laſs on the ſea,
Nor is there a laſs on the ſea,
There's never a laſs on the land
Shall be a heart-breaker of me.
Tally I O, &c.

GRIST THE MILLER.

GRIST the miller had a maid,
Click, clack, went the mill,
Seeming ſober, chaſte, and ſtaid,
Click, clack, went the mill,

Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue,
The neighbours thought her fair to view,
And Griſt the miller thought ſo too,
Click, clack, went the mill.

To the church he took her, we are told,
Ding, dong, went the bell,
She was young and he was old,
Ding, &c.
At church, her head ſhe baſhful hung,
Griſt thought her mild, as ſhe was young,
But married, ſoon he found her tongue.
Ding, &c.

Griſt the miller had a man,
Cuckoo went the clock!
Griſt's wife to eye him ſoon began,
Cuckoo, &c.
Honeſt Griſt went out one day,
Left wife and man at home to ſtay,
And when poor Griſt came back, they ſay,
Cuckoo, &c.

The Peck o' Maut.

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam' to ſee;
Three blither hearts, that lee lang night,
Ye wad na find in Chriſtendie,

We are na fou, we're nae that fou
But juſt a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
But aye we'll taſte the barley bree.

Here we are met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And monny a night we've merry been,
And money mair we hope to be!
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift ſae hie,
She ſhines ſae bright to wyle us hame;
But by my ſooth, ſhe'll wait a wee,
We are na fou, &c.

Wha firſt ſhall riſe to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he;
Wha firſt beſide his chair ſhall fa',
He is the king amang us three,
We are nae fou, &c.

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FINIS.